This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

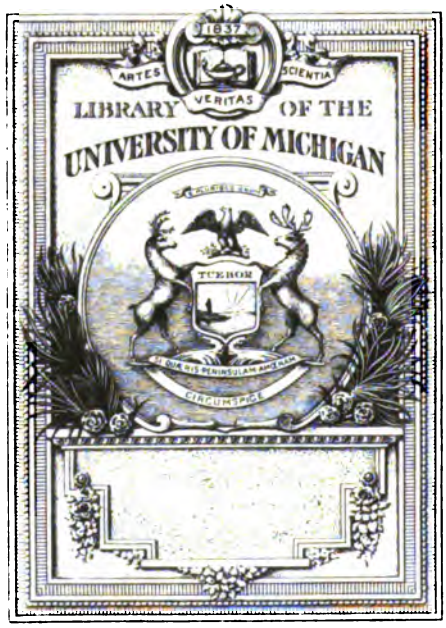
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

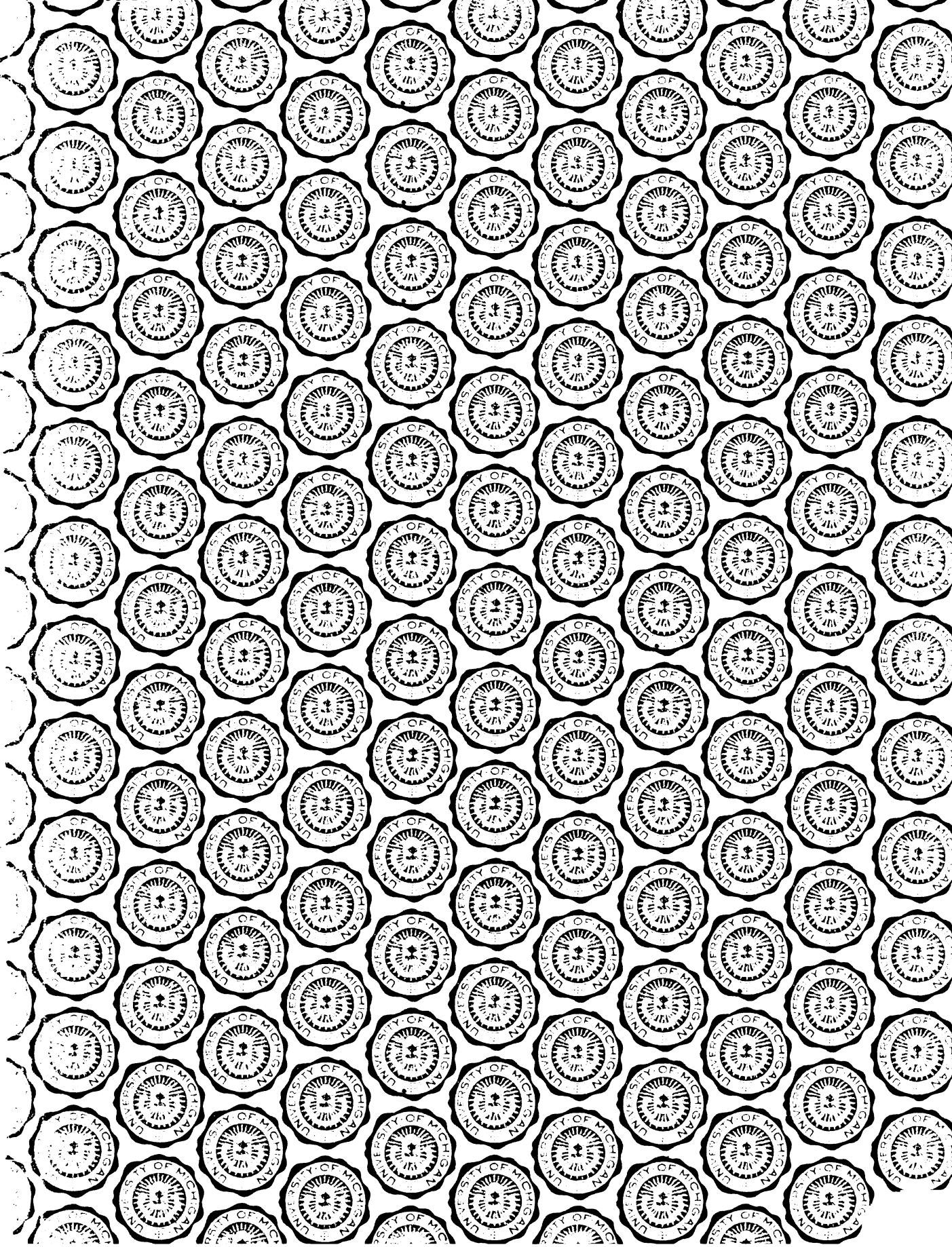
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 429042


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

828
5426

PURITY of HEART:

828
S4268pu

A

MORAL EPISTLE.

By Mr. James SCOTT,
Fellow of TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Ενδον βλεπε, ενδον η πηγη τυ αγαθυ. ANTONINUS.

Sic vivendum eſt, tanquam in conſpectu vivamus; ſic cogitandum, tanquam aliquis in Pectus intimum inſpicere poſſit, et poteſt. SENECA.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. BENTHAM Printer to the UNIVERSITY, for T. & J. MERRILL, Bookſellers in Cambridge; Sold by BENJ. DOD, R. & J. DODSLEY, J. WHISTON & B. WHITE, and W. SANDBY, in London; J. FLETCHER, and D. PRINCE, in Oxford; and the Bookſellers at York and Leeds.

M.DCC.LXI.

I

828
S4268pu

English Pickering
2-18-27
14414

A Clauſe of Mr. SEATON's Will, Dated *Oct.* 8. 1738.

I Give my Kiſlingbury Eſtate to the Univerſity of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which ſhall be diſpoſed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Maſter of Clare Hall, and the Greek Profeſſor for the time being, or any two of them ſhall agree. Which three perſons aforeſaid ſhall give out a Subject, which Subject ſhall for the firſt Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and ſo the ſucceeding Years, till the Subject is exhauſted; and afterwards the Subject ſhall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever elſe may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Maſter of Clare Hall, and Greek Profeſſor, to be moſt conducive to the Honour of the Supreme Being and Recommendation of Virtue. And they ſhall yearly diſpoſe of the Rent of the above Eſtate to that Maſter of Arts, whoſe Poem on the Subject given ſhall be beſt approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in Engliſh, and to be printed; the expenſe of which ſhall be deducted out of the product of the Eſtate, and the reſidue given as a reward for the Compoſer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verſes.

WE the underwritten, do aſſign Mr. SEATON's Reward to Mr. SCOTT, M.A. for his Poem on PURITY of HEART, and direct the ſaid Poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the Will.

Oct. 16. 1761.

G. Sandby, Vice-Chancellor.
J. Wilcox, Maſter of Clare Hall.
M. Lort, Greek Profeſſor.

PURITY of HEART:

A

MORAL EPISTLE.

IN that rude climate where the Alps ariſe,
And mountains heap'd on mountains threat the ſkies,
From one prolific hill their wat'ry ſtores
The Rhone, the Rhine, the Po, the Danube pours:
Thro' diff'rent lands their diff'rent courſe they bend;
Now prone in rapid cataracts deſcend,
Boil, foam, and roar, the trees impetuous tear,
And grate hoarſe thunder on the diſtant ear;
Now ſtealing gently thro' their oozy bed,
O'er ſmiling plains their beauteous plenty ſpread,
With nect'rous dews the purple vineyards feed,
Bid olives riſe, and harveſts crown the mead,

air Commerce all her canvaſs wings unfold,
nd fly to diſtant ſuns, and ſhores of gold:
Thus from the Heart, that ſeat of joy, and woe,
1 various ſtreams our various Paſſions flow:
Iow, loud as Ætna's ſmouldring torrents roar,
'hey burſt impetuous; tides of reeking gore
Vhelm in promiſcuous ruin heaps of ſlain,
nd dreary deſolation ſweeps the plain!
Iow gentler grown, with current ſmooth and mild,
'hey chear the barren, ſooth the thirſty wild,
y Reaſon guided, checkt, impell'd produce
1 Life's fair plan all Ornament and Uſe.
This fruitful ſource, thus rightly underſtood,
)f greateſt evil, or of greateſt good,
Vhence all their hues our tinctur'd Paſſions draw,
) watch, preſerve it pure, with ſacred awe!
'an ſtreams be clear from fountains dark and foul?
)r Actions good, corrupt, and baſe the Soul?
Io, LUCIUS, no — fair Virtue trembling flies,
)r ſhould ſhe ſtay, her boaſted beauty dies;
)evotion turns to farce, and ſenſe and ſpirit
\re — what? — the venal Stateſman's grand demerit.

When

When dear to Virtue, to his country dear,
Accompliſht POLLIO charm'd the public ear,
Firm as a rock 'midſt wav'ring ſenates ſtood,
And boldly ſtem'd corruption's venal flood,
What crouds admir'd his wit and manly ſenſe?
What crouds ador'd his patriot eloquence?
'Tis paſt, 'tis gone—and lo the wiſe, the brave,
The virtuous POLLIO is a titled ſlave.
Bluſh, Freedom, bluſh! thy fav'rite Son is ſold,
And love for Thee ſubmits to love for gold;
Dead to all fame, and to his parts unjuſt,
He makes God's gift a pander to his luſt.

Not ſo CAMILLUS, BRITAIN's dear delight,
Firm to his truſt, inflexible from right;
Born to ſupport his drooping country's cauſe,
Maintain her freedom, and ſecure her laws,
To guide the frail machine with ceaſeleſs care,
Each crazy ſpring, and tott'ring wheel repair.
Bleſt Stateſman, that can Attic wit combine
With Roman ſtrength, and Eloquence divine;
Can Attic wit, and Roman ſtrength employ,
To blaſt the foes of heav'n-born liberty!

In

In vain Ambition ſpreads her tinſel charms;
And Pleaſure woos him with extended arms,
Drawn by no Party's devious glare aſtray,
Thoſe wand'ring fires, that glitter to betray,
Up Virtue's ſteep aſcent the Patriot toils,
And meets his due reward in BRITAIN's ſmiles.

Say what 'twixt POLLIO's and CAMILLUS' part
The diff'rence makes? I'll tell you friend — the heart:
Be This the Patriot's pride, with this uncrown'd
Wit is a jeſt, and Eloquence a ſound:
This too the Saint's delight — unwarm'd within
Pray'r is mere babbling, ſanctity is ſin.

Conſtant at Church AVARO prays ſo loud,
His noiſy zeal confounds the gaping croud;
With hands uprais'd, and heav'n-projected eyes,
Full thrice a day he ſmites his breaſt and ſighs:
Diſſembling wretch, with heart ſo prone to evil,
A mere machine, a ſtopwatch to the Devil! —
Will Nature's awful GOD ſo juſt, and wiſe,
Whoſe inſtant glance thro' all creation flies,

Pervades

Pervades each Movement of our inmoſt ſouls,
Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,
Pleas'd with ſuch off'rings view with partial Eye
Thy ſpecious form, and well-feign'd ſanctity?
No — he beholds thee Wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r,
A Wolf diſguis'd, a painted Sepulchre;
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,
Than yon dumb ſtatue, on the marble ſhrine,
Whoſe hands are ſeen in holy rapture clos'd,
And ſtedfaſt Eyes to heav'n alone diſpos'd,
Pray'r's ſenſeleſs image, where no ſoul within
Speaks thro' the form, and animates the mien.
When all the breaſt is pure, each warm deſire
Sublim'd by holy love's etherial fire,
On winged words our breathing Thoughts may riſe,
And ſoar to heav'n a grateful ſacrifice:
Not ſo, my Friend, when carnal Paſſions reign,
And groſſer acts of ſin the Heart diſtain;
Our ſouls all clotted by contagion grow,
And brood, and grovel in the duſt below:
Like ling'ring Ghoſts, that loath, as fables ſay,
To leave the body, haunt their kindred clay.

But ah how few a firm, and faithful hand,
Th' aſſaults of warring Paſſions can withſtand!
With whirlwind force they now the Heart aſſail,
Now with ſurprize, and crafty feints prevail,
Betray the fort, thro' friendſhip's fair diſguiſe,
Till half-conſenting vanquiſh'd Virtue dies.
For ev'ry Vice to Virtue is ally'd,
And thin partitions their weak bounds divide:
To the pale Miſer, bent with ſordid pain,
And brooding, harpye like, o'er ill-got gain,
His fav'rite Vice the garb of Virtue wears,
And dreſt by paſſion honeſt Thrift appears:
'Tis Nature's law, voluptuous CLODIO cries,
Steaming from ſtews, and brothel revelries;
'Tis nature's law, decrepid HIRCUS ſwears,
Love-ſick, and lewd, at more than ſeventy Years:
What, PUBLIUS, made thy gentle ſoul deſpiſe
The ſtricteſt bonds, and deareſt charities?
Rous'd thy young blood to more than civic ſtrife,
And arm'd thy hand againſt thy Sov'reign's Life?
The Dæmon diſcord roſe in CATO's form,
And blew the trump to freedom's falſe alarm;

He

He caught the ſound, and mad with patriot pride,
In faction's curſed cauſe the rebel dy'd.
Thus the fond heart, by ſome dear paſſion ſway'd,
Frail and corrupt is ſoon to ſin betray'd;
Vice by degrees a firm poſſeſſion gains,
And o'er the willing Soul deſpotic reigns:
Dreadful no more the meager hag appears,
Purſu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up with fears.
Trickt out in laviſh ornaments ſhe ſmiles
A dang'rous Circe fraught with charmful wiles.
When ſome lone Traveller, from Ontario's ſhore,
Hears Niagara's ruſhing Cat'racts roar,
Appall'd he ſtands, with chilling horrour pale,
Or flies impetuous to ſome diſtant Vale,
Where prone beneath the Myrtle's od'rous ſhade
Peaceful and calm may reſt his aching head;
Not ſo the native hind, by cuſtom brave,
Careleſs he hears the foaming Surges rave,
Views the wild Scene with firm and ſteady brow,
And cleaves in ſport the madding Waves below:
Thus when at firſt from Virtue's path we ſtray,
How ſhrinks the feeble heart with ſad diſmay!

More bold at length, by pow'rful habit led,
Callous and fear'd the dreary Wilds we tread,
Behold the gaping Gulph of ſin with ſcorn,
And plunging deep to endleſs death are born.
O ſad eſtate, defilement baſe and foul,
When Vice lethargic ſpreads o'er all the Soul;
When Conſcience, that impartial judge aſſign'd
By Heav'n to check, approve, condemn the mind,
Like BUFO ſleeps, and leaves poor Virtue's cauſe
To a brib'd Jury, and to tyrant laws,
To luſts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right
Prefer, and blind with rage, call darkneſs light.

How bleſt are they, my friend, whoſe Hearts are free
From Vice, and Paſſion's groſs Impurity!
Whoſe mental Eyes ideal truths behold;
And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's mold,
Pervade with lightning-force that bleſt abode,
Where veil'd in brightneſs reigns th' eternal GOD.
So *LOWTHER lives — No taint of modiſh ſin
Defiles the Image of his God within;
Far from the ſpotleſs temple of his mind
Each baſe affection flies, and leaves behind
Religion, and a love for all mankind:

* Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER, of Swillington in Yorkſhire, Bart.

Of

Of manners gentle and of truth ſevere,
Tho' plain not ruſtic, courtly yet ſincere;
Benevolent like heav'n, when all around
It drops down fatneſs on the weary ground!
No coſtly danties on his board are ſpread,
'Tis luxury to him the poor to feed;
Superior far to all the pomp of dreſs,
He cloaths the ſhiv'ring Beggar's nakedneſs!
A friend to every want, and every Woe,
Nor ſcarce to Vice when in diſtreſs a foe;
So LOWTHER lives — Oh may he long remain
The pleaſing ſubject of my moral Strain!
And when at length he quits the well-trod ſtage,
Retire the joy, and glory of his age;
As ſome fam'd Actor from the Scene withdraws,
While crouds tumultuous thunder out applauſe,
Or Grecian Victor, when the race was done,
The Crown of glory claim'd, by Virtue won.
Oh could I live like him, and thus depart,
What ſober home-felt joy would ſwell my heart!
No love of fame ſhould then diſturb my breaſt,
Nor this, nor that Man's cenſures break my reſt:

Malice

Malice in vain a cloud of duſt ſhould raiſe,
And Envy nip the tender buds of praiſe:
Pleas'd would I view the placid Scene within,
(Thro' a clear Medium, undiſturb'd by ſin)
Where all the Virtues to perfection riſe,
And bear their bluſhing glories to the ſkies:
Bleſt in Oblivion leave the World behind,
And till with care the garden of my mind.

FINIS.

Lately publiſh'd by the ſame Author,

1. HEAVEN: the Prize Poem, for 1760. *Second Edition.*

2. ODES on ſeveral Subjects. 4^to.

3. A Spouſal HYMN addreſs'd to his Majeſty. 4^to.